a 1

Nov 1907?

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

I hear that you have sent
me venison. It is very
convenient - we shall
make a party.

Beloved,

We missed you today.
Here is a cheque.
Harry writes that as he
only spents 2 days in
London he wants to meet
you & Alice at dinner on
Tuesday if possible - Could
you dine here at 8?

I have Dodd tomorrow, do
God knows if I shall see you.
O misery! But why should I
intrude upon your circle of bliss?
Especially when I can't B. but my novel.

a 2

4 August 1908

The Close
Wells.

Tuesday.

Beloved,

As you do not praise my blue paper you shall have a bit of white, albeit the edge is dusty. Pray thank your husband for his letter; I will be at the station at the time he says; he is a demon to fantasize me with his "small post". Perhaps you will explain. A honest maid has no secrets — I woke from a terrible dream, in which Jack was breaking to me the news of your fatal lying by from an omnibus, & found your letter; lo, my good heart, they found better. Julian [illegible] a Studio, & somewhere to sit in. I am hopelessly confused about my visit, but I need take no steps.

This morning I had a letter from Hillier Young. sending me an address at a farm house, & asking when I should be in

Marlborough, so that he might come
& have tea with me. Olive
Albert wrote by the same post,
begging for news of our Sunday
Evening - who had come & what had
been said. I am rather pleased
with the idea of chaperoning; so
I shall tell H. Y. NYPL that I shant be
at Marlborough. I shall write with
friendliness - but I have no discretion -
no kind of instinct in me, such as
most women have, in affairs of sex.
Is it a fancy, or truth? But
what should I say to Oliver if he did
propose to me? There would be a
situation fit for the stage.. She
begs that Jon will write to her; -
means to write me a long letter, on
reading, so I think the means to keep
her eye on me.
I have been to Glastonbury by train this
afternoon - the last expedition for tea -
& it was'nt one of my best. It was
dark & Windy; I missed the ruins, &
found them, & thought them not half as
good as the Glastonbury I have had in my

head. They are too clean & too dilapidated; besides new scaffolding is all over them, & there are benches at the proper view, notices about the sacred building; & mobile clean bicyclists using their ugly bodies all over the place. A man was digging & throwing up bits of pottery, which were like gold; but who wants to discover more stone pillars of mutilated Early English architecture! So let us hear no more about them, my good Ape.

I can't get on with my writing, & I live in an office room & look into a blank case & black theology; & Cynthia with her speck. & my ship is like to sink.

However, it is always so when I take it up again; & it is worse than usual in a lodging, so perhaps it will come in time.

Have you any news really? I only see the Daily Mail; & I suppose you have a Times. Jhen also writes, in fine feather; a Mrs Lads of Martineau Stark at Oxford" has asked her to discourse to them upon Shakespeare & Miss Thought; she has agreed, all in a tremor. Aren't you amazed at the superstition still alive for picturesque old Ladies, fluttering about the outer mysteries! There is here - book called "The Preachers Promptuary of Anecdote", & I find the original at our Cabbin Boy in it. Amazing — "The lying woman of Devizes"

who was struck dead in the market place —
the little boy who dug holes on the sea
shore, to hold the sea — the little boy
who said an Alphabet because he did
not know the Lords Prayer."
My student greets me cautiously. I believe
he has discovered that I am one of
a blasted race.

O what joy to see you!
I shd rather like to see Julian
ripening like a nectarine in the sun,
but I daresay it is better not.
But kiss him, & just Shew his head
unto your finger tops. I catch
myself comparing him with other babies,
& when I see small boys of 5 or 10
I marvel to think how we shall han
one seeing about the world with us,
& asking information. "Who was
Cousin Mia? Dont you like Uncle
George? Why has Aunt Sarah never
married? I think you very beautiful
Mama!

Yr B.

Aunt Carol writes a charming letter; and
believes him if he ever feels old again;
he has the down on his still.

NYPL Arrive 3/16/70

(a 3)

7 August 1908

(tomorrow it will be,
Mrs Crane,
Cathedral Green)

Friday.

Beloved,

I managed my journey with
Connemara skill, walking from one
end of Shepton Mallet to the other,
& avoiding the wrong train. I
always ask everything — owing to
certain adventures which I have no
time to relate, & I find an astonishing
humanity in the race. But
I was fretful & peevish all the
evening, because I had had my
delight taken from me. For
the first time, I could neither
write nor read, but sat at my
calendar, & calculated the day to
Saturday.

I did not have a letter from you

this morning, but a solemn letter from
Dorothea, saying that Stella is
very seriously ill, has been
growing weaker for the last
ten days, & Herbert &
Katherine are with her. She is
conscious, & has no pain. It
sounds desperate — but I don't
know what to do. I must wait
an affectionate letter. NYPL They
are all bitterly grieved, I know,
but I don't remember Stella much —
except once, when we asked if she
could play, & she strummed through a
Beethoven Sonata, with the tramp
of a regiment of dragoons. Jan
also writes, to tell me the same
thing, with a sigh of relief.
I wonder if you talked about me,
or for what hours, & thought
me when the moon rose, & the
rabbits who nibble the carnations

came out to play. How should I know about the rabbits & the carnations unless I had read Clive's letter?

I like to have a little scene in which I am the leading lady; when I marry I shall never be quite so eminent. Indeed, I never am eminent, as it is, except when Jem & Clive are here to hint at catastrophes, & last times. O I have been so near one & fable on another, & I balanced a table on another, & put my writing box on top, & stood on a moment & reckoned - & tried to write Melyn Rosia. But a violin began & down it, & ah the tradesmen called, & they came & rushed the floor over my head. Then I went out & bought my daily Telegraph, which I had ever to walk, when I have done with it. (I do like a bit of news, - & I bought a note book - I have bought a note book in every country town in England, I believe - & tried to evolve an article for the

Comtesse, after M. de la Vallière.
It is a choice between her & Miss
Beale – but with the Comtesse
Call a prostitute a prostitute, & a
mistress a mistress? However, I
shall write it, at Manorbier, but it,
to that R.S. set, & when I am
at England. Do not understand
by this that Miss Beale was a
prostitute. NYPL You will say
I know. That it is well to keep me
Long yr, & one treat a week is
Enough for me. I believe I could
manage a whole fortnight, with outspread
Wings, at a great altitude, with no
descent. Has it ever struck you that
the way we take our pleasures is very
unlike? Does it strike you that
this letter is neatly written, in a
hand that would do us credit to
Margaret, & that the sentences, though
dark, are much of a size, & finish neatly?
That is because you told me that I wrote
four careless letters. But the
truth is we are too intimate for letter
writing; style dissolves as though in a
furnace; all the blood & tones come through;
how, to write well one should be a
perfect balance; & I believe (on another sheet)

one of the sheets I mended for St. Jones)
but if I ever find a form that
does suit me, I shall produce
some very finest work. As it is,
I am either too formal, or too
forcible - there, Mistress!
By the way, all the names will
have to be changed again - Cynthia
don't do. All fine ladies, influenced
young ladies, with Mesopotamian
blood in them, are called Cynthia;
do find me another.
I spent a whole hour reading
my 100 page, & came to the
conclusion that there is something
of a structure in it; I did mean
something; though there are such
lapses that I almost fall into
with awake - feel as old sheep
feels, as she sees afoot her
world. However, the effect of
reading is to make me very anxious
to finish what I have to say.
Sometimes I felt like a happy
animal in its own burrow - weather

tight & safe, & glorious. I think it
can be improved. I made out
various matters on a walk today.
I sat on a hill & observed the
Champaign, which is very noble
like a back ground in Velasquéz.
At wch, I want venture anymore.
Why dont you write to me about
pictures?

I must now write to Nelly. Violet,
Dorothea, Nan, Aunt Mary, &
I should write to Olive.

Her adress is,

British Embassy.
Co G. Young.
Manchester on Sea.
Mass. U. S. A.

E B.

My caramels are very nasty — a sad
disappointment — I eat your chocolate,
& wish I always took your advice. My
lip is bleeding. I bit it.

NYPL HAMILL 2/16/70

a 4

10 August 1908

5. Cathedral Green
Wells

Monday.

Balcarad,

By some miracle a 2nd letter has just arrived from you, stating 5. 30. Does that mean I shant get one tomorrow? Oh, woes me. I will observe all your directions; but for Gods sake, do let us meet somehow. As for Manorbier, I am still without an answer. Either my letter has gone to the wrong person, or they have no room. Could you give me an exact address? I dont want to stay on here, Marlborough is impossible, & I am

taken with a passionate desire for
Manor bier. Besides, I must write
Smiths article. Well, what
news is here? No news, a propos
I were to write my heart out, as
sometimes seems to me possible, I
must let about it seriously.
I gather you dont think much of
Stilton Young. Now I to have no
proposal men. If I had had the
Chance, & determined against it,
I could settle to virginity with greater
composure than I can, when my
Womanhood is at question. I
should flaunt it in Snows face.
I should be respectable at all parties,
& look wise when Imogen talked
of lovers. But the truth is,
I dont think he will do; &
whenever we meet we feel the
incongruity, & instead of proposing
he may withdraw. At this
Season we should be walking together;

I am in just the mood to discuss
Winter plans. Leaves are falling, &
there is a soft gusty wind, not too cold
though; I should make you stay out
till dinner time, & I have found the
perfect evening walk, with such a
view for the home coming, which
was went to be the best time.
We had got excited, then, & were
saying what we really thought, of
our gifts & futures; & sometimes for
said such delicious thing, & I walked
like a peacock, all aglow. I wonder
if I ever said such thing to you.
Did you ever feel neglected? Well,
your daughter will know one day,
more than I ever shall. By the
way, I have imagined precisely what
it is like to have a child. I woke
up, & understood, as in a revelation,
the precise nature of the pain. Now,
if I could only see my novel like that -
I have been trying to arrange a
method of imagining scenes, & writing them.
I wrote rather better this morning.
I heard from Violet, who sounds in

her most darling successful mood,
staying with some aristocrat who
is mad but delightful – says
rather improper things, & fills
her house with 16 visitors when there are
only 11 beds. You can imagine
the joke! Her Dodd writes
that he is much pleased with
his print of me, & will send me a
copy; it looked rather too stout,
to be added more flounce to the
dress. The only good part was
the hair & the skirt – so my vanity
once more will be shocked.
My lip is probably a chronic
blemish; I always forget to anoint
it – & how do you account for
that, considering my vanity?
By this morning's post, too, I got a
card, with musical hieroglyphs;
halfway through breakfast, I sang my
song to keep myself in spirits, &
saw it, as though in a mirror, before me –
mocking me – I at once changed my
tune, & sang the second song, which
no one knows. Tell the Chipmonk
his malice is thwarted; I sang for
half an hour, & ate the house crouched on

the step to listen.

I dont think I can offer to go
to Bristol; what should I do?
I shall write & say that I am
near.

I have been polishing my pencils,
& sending a letter to Sayon —
I did mean to end 'affectionately'
but was crowded out. If Sayon
could read the meaning of
such curves ending, from a virgin
to a bachelor, he would know
what it was passions knell.
Find me a new name for Cynthia,
good Beast, with ah expand; a
name of syllables, so much the
better. I read every birth & death,
it it could have the same
shop sign & tombstone, without success.
Letter is almost Kitty verbatim;
What would happen if the Queen?

Never was there such an improvident
author — Flaubert would turn in his
Grave.

You see I am in the predicament of
a shy caller, a shy adorer rather; I
have nothing to say, & I cant go.
I have everything to say. The
Children here bring me their dolls
to mend, & I am planning a
sentimental Expedition; I shall take
them to the sweet shop, & let them
choose. The Story here sleeps in
a lake in the wall, with a window
the size of a slate, & a basin like a
pudding bowl. NYPL A candle burns
perpetually in a corner of the staircase,
& there are banisters of carved
oak, & great balls on the landings-
The woman husband says that there is
a good deal more of the Gentleman
about Garth than about Hans; two
small boys with white heads stopped
me on the road to day & asked if
I had a Bear?

Well, Goodbye, my honeybee;
Ask me Jacques with criticisms.
You have a touch in letter writing
that is beyond me. Something unexpected,
like coming round a corner in a rose garden
& finding it still daylight. B.

HAMILL 2/16/70

(a5)

(12 August 1908)

5. Cathedral Green.

Wednesday.

Beloved,

To my great melancholy, I have had no letter from you to day, but a card from your husband. I want disparage his card — Still a letter would have been pleasanter. If I were to hint at all the miseries which steal out when you don't call them to sleep, I should only be Chidden. I suppose all the blame rests with the post, & there is nothing to fear. I have been attacked by toothache; Heaven

knows why; but it has suddenly
gone again, so I only ask you
in order to get pity. I heard
from Manorbier at last; Mrs. John
knows of a small cottage, which
wouldn't suit me she thinks, but
it is the only place to be had.
Apparently, it is very humble, &
the woman can't provide hot
baths - but I don't see that that
matters. At the same time,
Sheep: writes & asks whether I will
join her at some Devon village,
where are to be found Mr. & Mrs.
Gilbert Murray, Mr. & Mrs.
Bertie Russell, Jane Harrison &
Comford! Too much elderly
brilliance for my taste; besides
Sheep: might sit down on me
by mistake, & I should never recover

Stewbrook, I have no doubt I am receiving
life long friendship, & ask for the Lake
of lonely walks along the sea shore,
with an occasional leap over a fisher.
I wish we could meet for more than
an hour on Saturday; they leave
me melancholy, but I look forward to
them with impossible hopes. One of
these days, I am determined, you shall have
a Country house, with stone halls in it
terrace, & a lawn; & a little cottage in
the trees at the bottom of the garden.
There I shall have a room, a great
table, some books, & a looking glass, besides
a curious cabinet, full of small drawers,
in which your children shall search for
secrets. I am pleased to find that
the children have fired me rather amusing.
What shall I tell you? I wish, some day,
you would write down what you need in
a letter; some facts I know; but as for
the padding, the reflections & appetions, I
never know your facts. About my
novel, for example — does it bore you!
for you can't answer. I wish to tell you that
I work rather well this morning, in
spite of my tooth, & in spite of my habit

which I can never outgrow, of hiding
my manuscript when any one
who does not know my trade
comes into the room & pretending
that I am reading letters. She woman
says she never had such a busy
lodger. I like her, & her name is
Dorothy, but that won't do for Cynthia.
No answer from H. G. I begin to
feel nervous, & wish I had your
approbation. But then you won't have
your letters in time. NYPL I walked to
the top of Hill today, imagining that
I was Christ ascending Calvary. &
Chesed myself so that I laughed aloud,
& proceeded to think of dotting a
sheep; a various Quip of my own; but
the weather is cold. I will
send your dog. I should be glad
to keep him, for he is really rather
an engaging beast, but I suppose he
will be better with W. L. O God!
I must write my morning letters; & I
have only 10 minutes before post.
Still
they are better done in hot blood.
Saxon is only "affate" to me.

H. B.

HAMILL 2/16/70